

BASEBALL EXTRA.

The EVENING WORLD

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PRICE ONE CENT.

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EXTRA PA ANSON!

Comes to Town to Get His Untamed Colts Dressed Down.

AND THE GIANTS DO THE JOB.

Tim Keefe, from the Box, Gets There with Traces of Glory.

YET HAS ONE YELLOW INNING.

Oh! But Maybe Tener Will Remember That Fifth Inning!

New York . . . . . 11

Chicago . . . . . 4

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

ST. GEORGE, S. I., May 22.—Today the two bitter rivals in baseball met for the first time this season.

Anson, backed by his all-round-the-worlders, came over to Staten Island and prepared to do battle with Muttie's champions.

The usual one-hundred-dollar out-of-pocket was the result of the series between the clubs by Manager Muttie and Captain Anson.

For years past both men have cared more to win that annual hundred-dollar bet than for their year's salary.

All, therefore, that managerial sagacity could do has been done by the two managers in their rivalry.

It is that what ever happens a hotly contested game is always looked for when Chicago comes to town or New York goes to Chicago.

Anson & Co. arrived this morning, and as usual when the aggregation finds itself here every man of them is, as the famous captain himself puts it, "in the pink of condition."

"Three out of four is what we want and I want we shall get," said Anson.

"You people have been playing poor ball—my poor ball—not a bit better than we; but we have been now and you haven't, and that's where we shall win."

And with that the doughty captain wandered off upon the sandy field.

WILLIAMSON OFF FOR THE SPRINGS.

Appropos of the Chicago, Ed Williamson, their famous shortstop, leaves the city to-night for Hot Springs, Ark.

He went to Philadelphia last night and came on here in company with Anson.

From a talk with the latter and from a letter received from Spalding, Williamson says he feels sure that he will suffer no great financial loss from his illness.

This should prove true.

Williamson's employers would be doing no more than justice to one of the greatest players.

THE GIANTS STRIKE THEMSELVES.

For to-day's game, Keefe's arm had improved somewhat and he decided at all hazards to at least pitch the beginning of the game.

Keefe was as fit as a king and was prepared to receive the other end of the Giants' famous battery.

Nattery is again with the club, and though slightly weak in the knee, is prepared to play when called upon.

ABOUT DAY'S REMARKS.

Concerning President Day's remarks printed in yesterday's EVENING WORLD, the players are of one opinion, and that is this: "There is but one John B. Day in the business. If there were, there would be no use for the Brotherhood."

Ewing, however, thinks his President wrong in one thing.

"If," says he, "the classification law is a dead letter, how is it that seven of the Indianapolis nine are classified as salaries lower than they received heretofore?"

All things considered, it is more than probable that the classification law will be revoked, and that Indianapolis will not be a League town any longer.

THEY TAKE THE FIELD.

The two teams—the Chicago in their accustomed gray and black uniforms and the Giants in their all-black costumes—took the field at 3.45 in the presence of 3,500 spectators.

The atmospheric conditions were favorable to the great game with the exception of a high wind which carried over at a sixty-miles-an-hour speed, more or less, which made it difficult to gauge flies.

There were just enough fleecy clouds in the sky to keep the glare of the sun from the fielders' eyes.

If the strong wind worked to the disadvantage of the outfield it was beneficial in drying up the grounds, and to-day the diamond really bore some resemblance to a baseball field and could not be mistaken for the great dismal swamp which it resembled yesterday.

The scene from the grand stand overlooking the day and Long Island was as picturesque a bit of marine view and landscape as one could wish to see.

The water was studded with swiftly moving

sailing vessels, and an occasional steamer.

Among the many

NOTABLE BASEBALL ENTHUSIASTS PRESENT

were described the following:

Mrs. Roger Connor, Mr. S. A. Danon and Miss

Hazell Smith, Mrs. George Gore, Mrs. John B. Day,

Mrs. Horatio Boobé, Mrs. Lena Toms, W. H.

Lawton, James B. Cushman, all seated in what is

known as "Perry, Ansel Young, James Cushman,

Judge Mott, John Corrigan, Dominick F. O'Farrell,

Confidential Clerk to Major Grant, Col. Theodore A.

Hamilton, Asa Bigelow Kellogg, Bluesons King,

Hamilton Whipple, James Smith, Comptroller Theo-

dores W. Myers, Judge Vaughan, of Staten Island, ex-

Sherriff Brown, Assemblyman Ed A. Moore, George

Bechtel, ex-Assemblyman Joseph Gordon, Walter

Appleton, C. B. DeKay, of the Odessa

House, Charles F. Dillingham, George V. Pierce,

Agent of the Polo Grounds, George F. Dwyer,

William H. Conlin, John N. Amery, Edward R. Talbot,

George H. Kenney, John H. Demott, Albert D.

Orlando, Judge George B. Deane, Mark Langdon, ex-

Collector William A. Simmons, Deputy Collector John

of the Customs House, Deputy Sheriff Lynch, ex-Judge

William H. Kelly and Mr. Mitchell.

Gov. Green and staff, of New Jersey, were encoined

in private boxes.

The game.

The nine for the play were scheduled as follows:

NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

Gore, c. f. Ryan, s. s.

Tener, r. f. Van Halten, c. f.

Conner, 1st b. Duffy, r. f.

Ewing, c. f. Pfeffer, 2d b.

Keefe, s. s. Farrell, 1st b.

O'Rourke, l. f. Tener, p.

Whitney, 3d b. Sommers, c.

Keefe, extra. Humbert, extra.

Umpire—Mr. McGuirk.

New York let its rivals go to the field first, as usual.

FIRST INNING—A LONG BRATH.

The crowd drew a long breath as one man

when Gore stepped to the plate to open the ball

for the Giants.

The batsman bided his time, but he bided it in

vain, for his mighty hit to centre was gathered in

nearly by Van Halten.

Two strikes were called on Tener, and a de-

pendent sign swept off the assemblage.

But the sign was premature.

Tener hit so hard to Burns that the latter

could not hold on to the fierce grounder.

It rolled away from him, and Tener was safe.

Richardson's bouncer hit just behind second

and advanced Tener to that bag.

Then the mighty Connor grasped the bag.

Once, twice and yet again did Connor swipe,

and the sign that had been ready to greet Ten-

er and himself flew rolled across the field,

for our Roger had struck out.

Ewing's line fly to Burns doubled up Tener,

and the Giants sought the field. No runs.

ANSON LOSES AN OPPORTUNITY.

And when this had been enacted, Anson and

his Windy City crowd came in to bat.

They started off after runs in the same mad

fashion as the Giants, only more so, and got

there in the same black fashion, only more so.

Ryan called his first base owing to Ward's

umble of his grounder.

He took second, then, through Keefe's kind-

ness in the matter of balls, Van Halten was

presented with first.

Ryan then, aided, perhaps, by a slightly wild

throw of Ewing, stole third.

Four called balls to Duffy filled the bases and

brought up Capt. Anson amid a burst of ap-

plause.

The old man made a bid for a hit and the runs

which would perform follow.

But he didn't get them in, and that he didn't

was owing to his one-time lieutenant, George

Gore, who shot down the boards in centre,

grabbed his captain's fly and hurled the ball

into the hands of the first, but their voices,

though hoarse with cheering over Gotham's

great run-getting, were still able to make them-

selves heard.

They proved this by the greeting they be-

stowed on Gore when, after Keefe had filed to

Farrell, he hit a ball through the stone wall into

right field.

But George was forced out at bag No. 2 by

Tener's hit, he sending the ball to Ryan.

Mike made a mighty dash for the second

stopping place and captured it.

It did not avail anything, however, for Rich-

ardson retired his side, Ryan to Anson. No

runs.

GIANTS SETTLE DOWN AGAIN.

Keefe and his supporters settled down to busi-

ness again in the sixth, and sent the elevators

of the National game to the field without runs.

Burns's skyward-going foul failed in its ambi-

tion of continued flight and fell into Connor's

hands.

Tener got his first hit on balls.

Richardson promptly muddled Sommers's easy

fly, and Ryan's grounder did not attain the far

as Connor and first base. No runs.

SEVENTH INNING—CONOR GOES AROUND.

Connor kept the reporters dodging fairs for a

little while until Tener took pity on them and

sent him to first.

Roger stands on first base so much that he

not stuck on staying there when he can help it,

so he took a desperate chance to get away and

planted his mighty canvas brogans safely on

second—a splendid steal.

He reached third on Ewing's out 'at first,

Pfeffer assisting.

On Ward's out in the same way Connor

pranced home and dug his heel into the plate.

Ryan and Anson settled all hopes O'Rourke

may have entertained of reaching first. One

run.

ANSON SHAKES AND IS SHAKY.

Richardson, after a rapid but decisive chase,

made a brilliant catch of Van Halten's fly, and

Gore, lastly but picturesquely, pulled down

Duffy's high one.

Anson was sent to first on balls.

There the old man stood, and with frowning

severity he shook his head at Pfeffer.

The latter responded and whisked a pretty one

past Ward, which promoted his captain to

second, but that was all for Pfeffer's little

grounder was assisted into Connor's hands by

Keefe. Again no runs.

AN ANKLE COOKED ROO.

The sun came out from behind the clouds

when the late tourists took their turn at the

stick, but Sol alone for other than Anson and

as in the previous inning no graycast saw first

base.

Ryan rolled a grounder to Whitney and went

out at first.

Van Halten bunted the ball, but not success-

fully, for Whitney ran in like a whirlwind.

The water was studded with swiftly moving

picked it up in a flash and sent it to first like a

cyclone, while nearly four thousand people

shouted themselves hoarse.

Jim O'Rourke, with dignity and firmness, in-

sisted upon clinging fast to Duffy's high fly, and

another good egg was cooked for Chicago's eat-

ing. No runs.

FOURTH INNING—GIANTS BEGIN IT.

Connor did not have to hit the ball to gain

first. Mr. Tener kindly allowing him that base.

And then what happened?

Why, just this. Buck Ewing slammed a ter-

rific hit away out in centre, the ball striking a

canvas strip hung against the fence and then

rolling back down the stage, with Van Halten

in hot pursuit.

Farrell ran to Van Halten's assistance and

alred the sphere to Burns.

All the same big Roger came home and Buck

took second.

Ward's sacrifice hit to Anson advanced Ewing

to third.

Buck, a minute later, scored on O'Rourke's

hit to short centre, which Van Halten tried for

in vain.

Whitney's high pop fly tangled the "stone

wall" infold all up.

None of them could get the ball and Anson

preached a sermon in an ungente manner.

Whitney was then doubled up on Keefe's hit to

Ryan. Two runs.

THE COLTS STILL SHUT OUT.

With this lead the Giants contentedly pos-

sessed themselves of the field and administered

another black mark of respect to the visitors.

Anson nearly stretched himself in two reach-

ing after an outcurve, but his effort was only

rewarded by a silly-looking grounder which

Richardson, in a careless, off-hand way, chucked

to first.

Anson gathered in Pfeffer's hard hit fly and

Farrell made three frizzled and useless ges-

tifications with his stick. No runs.

FIFTH INNING—SOME EXERCISE WITH TENER.

Oh! but the Chicago seemed to be all gone

as this inning progressed.

First, Gore sent a long

hit to far left field and got

second before the ball

had struck out.

In three jerks of a

lamb's tail he crossed

the plate on Tener's

corking two-bagger to

right field.

After Richardson had

been put at first O'Rourke

took third on Ewing's

beauty to the same

place, Tener scoring.

Both Connor and Ewing scored on Ward's

smasher to right field for three bases.

Ward crossed the plate himself on O'Rourke's

out at first. Anson to Tener, the latter running

and covering first as Anson picked the bunted

ball up.

Whitney went out Pfeffer to Anson. Five

runs.

THE PETT CRACK AN EGG, TOO.

The Chicago got but one hit, but it disas-

trous errors by the Giants, coupled with bases on

balls, were exceedingly prolific of runs.

Ward's wild throw from Burns's grounder gave

the latter first and he took third on Tener's

pretty single to left centre.

The Sommers knocked a grounder to Ward

and again the latter threw wildly to Rich-

ardson.

These two errors and Tener's hit filled the

bases.

Ryan hit all the good balls Keefe gave him

into foul ground and at last, getting four bad

ones, took first, thus forcing Burns home and

advancing the other runners a base each.

Keefe continued wild and sent Van Halten

also to base, forcing Tener to score.

Frank W. got off first, followed closely by W.

R. W. and Jefferson. Jefferson shot past Frank

W. R.